

# Oh, You Sympathy

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



## MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That Foreign Women Are Right About Our Men, and SMALL TALK IS LIFE'S FROTH

BELLE, there's always one question that every conscientious reporter is sure to ask when he's interviewing a foreign lady writer, or a singer with a reputation for being gay off the stage, or one of the million or so court beauties that are forever, if you're good at believin' what you read, causin' royal scandals.

"What do you think of American men?" they'll ask, scribblin' a telegram to their paper at the same time to hold the last column on the front page open. For they know the answer'll always be the same, and the dear American public never gets tired hearin' it. If people picked up their Sunday papers and couldn't find anything about American men or American women bein' roasted by Lady So-and-so or Monsir Thingamabob, the famous French barber, why, they'd want their nickel back.

"Your American men can't talk," they'll say, every last one of 'em. "They may be good providers, and easy to be divorced from, but they can't talk."

### They Mean Parlor Talk

What they mean is, Belle, they can't help a lady hold up the back of a sofa and say smart things to her that can be taken more than one way, maybe, so she'll look at him behind her fan and show her pearly teeth and say a few clever things on her own account. Over in Europe, Belle, they can keep up a conversation like that till the clock strikes thirteen. And when they're all through they really haven't said anything, but they feel as chipper and refreshed as though they've just come out of the ocean.

Used right, it's a good thing, Belle. It's the froth on life and adds just as much to the general effect as the froth on beer or the meringue on a lemon pie. You can get along without 'em, you know, but they won't be complete. There won't be a great deal of difference in the taste, but you'll imagine there's a whole lot.

And they're right, Belle, American men can't do it. It takes time, just like playin' the piano or givin' a mustache the proper curl, and American men never learned it. They can't talk about anything but business or baseball without lookin' as though they were skatin' on thin ice and goin' to fall through the next minute. I never met an American man yet that could see how he could flirt unless his arm was around your waist.

I don't know, Belle, but what it would be a good idea for the girls to take a few lessons in froth talk themselves and then teach it to the men.

## MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

"John," began Mrs. Peeved timidly, "I told the ladies at the club meeting this afternoon that you would contribute \$5 toward the Kohlsammet relief fund were getting up."

"That was nice of you," commented Mr. Peeved, yawning slightly as he tried to find an editorial on political economy interesting.

"Will you, John?"

"I will not. What the deuce is Kohlsammet?"

"Kohlsammet," said Mrs. Peeved, "what a name! What is it and where is it, and who in the name of sweet charity needs relief there?"

### It's an Island

"It's—it's an island, I believe, and it's filled with poor savages running around naked," explained his wife. "I should think they'd need relief if anybody would."

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted her husband. "Now isn't that just like you women? With misery and poverty crying aloud at your very doors, you pick out a place with a name like a cuss word, not even knowing whether it's in the Indian ocean or in back of the North Pole."

"It's ridiculous, petty, ridiculous! No clothes, eh? Ten to one the place is so reeking hot they'd boil the man alive that dared to land with so much as a pair of suspenders. Me give my hard-earned money for anything like that?"

"John," said Mrs. Peeved earnestly, "that's not right, Mr. Sprowls, the missionary had all crying with her pitiful account of the tortures those poor savages suffer. Goodness knows, I'd give my own money if you ever let me have anything over the house expenses."

### A Proposal

"Now we have it," exclaimed her husband. "I passed some of the nicest looking hats in a store window downtown today you'd want to rest your eyes on. Saw 'em on some women, too, and they looked classy. Cheap—only five dollars—and I made up my mind to make you buy one before you saw something freakish for fifteen. So, you can have that never to give to the naked Koldblotter."

"Oh," Mrs. Peeved exclaimed joyfully, "You tell me where that store is immediately. I hope I'm as charitable as the rest of them, but I realize that charity begins at home every time."

She pretended not to notice her husband's broad smile.

## Reddy Smith On School Teachin'

Speakin' about salaries, Jimmie, I think dat uh school teacher gits about de meaneest pay uv anybody; considerin' de 'sponsibility she has tu carry on her shoulders.

Uh school teacher, Jimmie, has tu study fur ubbout seven years 'fore she gits any pay. All de time de expense is fallin' on her people.

She's got tu know everythin'; she's got tu handle all kinds uv kids; an' she has tu teach dem how tu be good Umerican citizens. What does she gits? Why, about \$75 per month, de most. Dere's thirty days in de month, say, and dat gives her \$2.50 uh day fur her work. Reckonin' on thirty-five kids, at de least, in her class, dat makes it uh little more dan seven cents she gits fur teachin' each kid uh day at school.

Now, Jimmie, if spendin' yur energy and wearin' out yur brain, an' wurrin' yurself uver deir mischief ain't worth more dan seven cents a day fur each kid, den what is it worth?

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By JAMES H. HAMMON

## ALGY

Drawn for The Washington Times

Alas! She Loved Another



## Loretta's Looking - Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Girl Who Refuses the Expensive Gift



I T IS hard to refuse a beautiful vanity-box with a seductive reason for not doing it in the shape of a monogram in fresh-water pearls!

"If I do not take his expensive gifts, some other girl will, I know girls!"

That is what you say to yourself. And you DO know girls. Only you confine the application of your knowledge to "other girls." You carefully refuse to admit that you know yourself.

The Other Girl Argument On an occasion like this, with the vanity-box dangling enticingly before you, you do not want to know yourself. You keep up that senseless "other girl" argument, encouraging yourself to accept the gift.

"Most girls say to take all you can get. And I believe it is the right way. Somebody else will get what I do not take. And I might as well have it. Besides, my monogram is on it."

It is done. You take the expensive gift unless—

A second thought comes! How does the man think, how does he feel about the delicately disguised

greediness with which girls snap up his gifts?

If he has time and taste and money you can make up your mind that there is no particular novelty to him in having his presents taken. Why not give him a new experience in having one refused?

Girls are regular grabbers! They take the flowers that he sends and count the number of roses. Why not offer a little opposition to his generosity? Tell him that you hesitate to accept flowers in bunches. Ask him to send you a single rose. Let him see that you have sense

enough to value the thought that the one flower would indicate more highly than you do the dollars that paid for the dozens.

Instead of deliberately turning yourself into the pen with the "herd" of other girls, select an exclusive place of your own. Be a class by yourself.

Lots of men have the notion that girls want expensive gifts. And they get the idea direct from the girls themselves. Girls do love to be seen wearing costly trophies that indicate their subjugation of a male.

They ought to be ashamed of regarding any man's gifts as signs of their power. But they are not!

Barbaric Love of Display Why not conquer your barbaric love of display? Why not disturb this particular man's belief that he has only to offer a high-priced novelty to have it instantly annexed? Why not refuse the vanity-box because it is too expensive?

The thermometer of his appreciation will show its mercury fairly racing upward. And here's a prediction! If you are not already engaged to him—and you want to be!—you may just as well decide in which corner of the parlor you would rather have him propose!

OUR DEVIL WONDERS

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## NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR

As Told in Daily Dispatches Printed FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

FIFTY years ago began the memorable struggle between the north and south known generally as the civil war.

Old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched and the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented from day to day as they appeared in each section at that time.

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

### The Southern View

April 15, 1861 (Monday).

Governor Morton, of Indiana, it is stated, has received an offer of volunteers, indicating that 30,000 could be raised.

The New York legislature passes a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 to equip 50,000 volunteers, in addition to the present state force.

The Union feeling in Baltimore is reported to be very strong. The Minute Men Organization, 2500 strong, throws out the Stars and Stripes from their headquarters with the motto, "The Union and the Constitution."

### Lincoln's Proclamation

Increases Secession Feeling

Publication of Lincoln's proclamation greatly increases secession feeling in Alexandria, Va., where the impression prevails that the Virginia convention will "instantaneously" pass an ordinance of secession or call a conference of the border states.

In Philadelphia an excited crowd threatens to demolish the printing shop at Fourth and Chestnut streets, where the Palmetto Flag, a small advertising sheet, is published. Order is finally restored when the proprietor displays the American flag and throws the objectionable paper from the windows.

It is announced in Washington that Old Point is to be at once occupied by a large force. Frigates are to be stationed off the capes, and 5,000 men are to guard Washington. Ten thousand of these are to be put on the Virginia side. It is said, Report has it that Washington is to be put under martial law in a day or two.

### New Orleans Parties

Want \$15,000,000 Loan

Parties in New Orleans offer to take the whole of the \$15,000,000 Confederate loan at par.

A telegraphic dispatch from Montgomery to Richmond runs thus:

"Davis' answer is rough and curt! Sumpter is curs and nobody's hurt. With mortar, palixan and petards. We tender Old Abe our Best-regards." Intense excitement prevails in Norfolk, 100 guns being fired amidst great rejoicing at confirmation of news that Fort Sumter had surrendered. It is said that orders have been received to fit out the war steamer Merrimack immediately, in order to tow all the war vessels out of port.

### The Northern View

April 15, 1861 (Monday)

Advices from Albany state that Governor Morgan, of New York, will tomorrow issue a call for 35,000 men for the assistance of the federal government.

### President Lincoln Calls For 75,000 Troops

President Lincoln today issued the following proclamation: "The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now, opposed and obstructed in the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas by combinations too powerful to be repressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings."

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, in virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution and the laws, do hereby call forth the militia of the several states of the union to the aggregate number of 75,000 men, in order to suppress the said combination, and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

"I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid the effort to maintain the honor, integrity and the existence of our national union, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured."

"The first service which will be assigned to the force hereby called forth will be the repossession of the forts and property which have been seized from the union."

"And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective homes within twenty days from this date."

### Pennsylvania Can Furnish 100,000 Men in 48 Hours

A private letter from Governor Curtin states that Pennsylvania can furnish 100,000 men and have them in Washington within forty-eight hours if it is necessary.

The government has chartered the steamers Philadelphia and Ericsson for use as transports.

## Paragraphic Yarn With a Real Moral

Some people are always in a hurry. They rush along through life and then the automobile hearses takes them to the cemetery at breakneck speed.

Many men gulp down their breakfasts in a hurry and then expect to digest them again in the office like a cow eating hay.

Sam was one of this brand. He traveled at such a pace that folks got to saying, "He can go like Sam Hill."

Sam went so fast sometimes he had to mark time to let the clock catch up to him.

Sam never used the trolley cars. He could beat them to the office by forty minutes.

When he was a kid the fellows called him Mercury, because he was so quick. One morning, as Sam started to hoof it for the office, he ran into an obstruction.

A freight train stood over the crossing. Sam made several trips back to the house to kiss his wife good-bye again just to kill time.

Still the train stood.

Finally Sam got mad clean through and said cuss words.

Then came a happy thought. He would crawl under the train.

Just as he got under a coal car the train started.

Z-z-z-z!

MORAL: The guy with the slow motion may be a dead one, but high voltage gets the live wire by the bye.

## Our Grocery Clerk Says Plots Fail

The best laid plans of mice and men gang off up the spout, all right. Remember I told you I had a scheme to find out the booful cashier's first name? I thought if it turned out to be something real vulgar, doncherknow, like Sal, she might lose some of her hold on my young affections.

Well, I know a nice little messenger boy kid, and I fixed it up with him to break into the store with a phony telegram, yelling out for "Miss Mabel Hanscom." When she heard that, I figured, she'd bust right out with her real first name.

Well, the first act came off fine, up to the "Miss Mabel Hanscom" part. Then she did something that wasn't on the program.

"You've got the first name wrong, boy," she said, "but you mean me, I guess." And she grabs the telegram. Holy salt mackerel, there wasn't a blessed thing in it! I've caught her looking at me several times since. Think she suspects?

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